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Select Tale.

From the Salem Weekly Democrat.

THE DIAMOND VICTORY.

MAY VERNON sat alone in her room, with her head bowed upon her clasped hands, hnd her heart bowed to the present outer world; all was closely locked within. She had turned the pages of memory over, and commenced reading far back into the past; and, as she traced the indellible characters, some were placed in sunshine and wreathed with flowers of light and love, while others would not have been discernable through the thick gloom that surrounded them, were it not for the yet darker hue in which they were written; while from every page looks forth a pleading, childish face, and the gaze burns into the very soul of May, for, turn where she will, those eyes meet hers.

At first, they were with her in her childish sports, and they were very laughing and happy then. There was a sunny brow, too, and very many smiles; but as she turned over leaf after leaf, the smiles grew less, the eyes tearful, and the pale, quivering lips seem ever ready to part and say, "Your father made mine a drunkard."

Could not the same wild cry come up to thousands, wrung from the drunkard's despised, neglected child; and did the words but find an echo in the hearts of the many sisters whose forms are decked with the price of their sisters' happiness, more than one young and giddy head would bow from the weight of the curse resting upon it.

On the floor, by the side of May, as though hastily thrown down, lay a diamond bracelet, that would have been envied by all the fashionable ones that were that night to assemble in the splendid rooms of Mrs. C.; but her mind was busy with other thoughts than those of the ball, where jewels flashed, and light forms glided with the swelling music, played by master hands. She was suddenly started from her musings by a quick heavy tread, and rising up in haste, met the angry gaze of her father.

"How is this, May, that I find you sitting here as though you were dumb, while the carriage has been waiting for you this half hour?" "and," he continued, as his restless eye caught sight of the diamond bracelet upon the floor, on which May had unconsciously placed her foot, "see there, that diamond bracelet that you are now treading upon as though it were not worth a farthing; surely you are an exemplary daughter. Take it up and put it on immediately. I am not to be trifled with in this way, and you know it too;" and his voice sunk almost to a whisper, so hoarse was it with passion.

May took up the bracelet, but instead of putting it on, as her father had ordered her, she laid it on the table, though it was done with a trembling hand, for she had never before dared openly to disobey him, but there had a change came over her, and in the strength of her own pure resolve, she stood ready to assert her right for the first time, and as his equal.

She approached him, and timidly laying her hand upon his arm, said, "Father, I cannot wear that bracelet. I would rather not mingle with the gay ones to-night, at all, but indeed I cannot wear the bracelet if I do."

"What do you mean?" angrily demanded Mr. Vernon.

"I mean that I have learned the price of it," replied May, in a low voice; but low as it was, it fell in heavy tones upon her father's ear, and he for a moment shrunk before the searching glance of her earnest eye, but quickly rallied, and his lips, white with rage were ready to utter a vindictive reply to what she had said; but May continued, "and that shining band clasped about my arm would seem to me the fetter that held the most guilty of criminals. Father, my thoughts have been led to-day, back to our old home, and in fancy I rested beneath the willow that shades my mother's grave. Her hand again rested fondly upon my head, as she breathed her last blessing; and when the dull earth was thrown upon her, I was alone in the world, with no one to love but you and little Ina—the dearest friend I have ever had since my mother died—for I never dared love you as I did her; you always seemed so cold towards me, almost as though you hated me; and I have sometimes almost thought you did, for I cannot recall one kind word that I ever had from you," and she covered her face with her hands and wept bitterly at the thought.

Mr. Vernon was silent, for he was now as much surprised as he was angry. He had always treated May as a wayward child, incapable of acting or thinking for herself, little dreaming of the latent spirit that lay beneath the quiet exterior, which his own conduct had roused into being.

There was a painful pause for a few moments, when May, drying her tears, went on—"You remember Ina Mason? her parents, too, I presume?" and she cast a curious glance at her father as she said it, "you remember the drinking saloon you fitted up in our peaceful village, which filled your coffers with gold, and the homes of so many with misery and despair.—Young as I was, I felt it all; but through fear and shame, my lips were sealed to all but Ina; and we heard, though you did not know it, the pressing invitation you gave Mr. Mason, to meet some friends there one evening. We were in the arbor, and you were standing close by, and when he promised you that he would go "just once," he was very pale, and looked so strange and wild that I was frightened.—I looked towards Ina for an explanation, and as our eyes met, she buried her face in my lap and sobbed as though her heart would break.

"We left our books and play, and with Ina I went over to her pleasant home.—There, everything seemed planned for enjoyment; but the first shadow that I had ever seen on her happy face had settled there with a heavy weight. Her mother observed it and asked her the cause of her sadness; but she evaded a direct answer, as she could not bear to tell her of the promise she had heard her father make; and she thought that she would see him alone, and persuade him not to go, but she was sadly disappointed, as he did not come near his home that evening. Mrs. Mason was alarmed at her husband's absence, though I doubt whether she thought of the real cause. But the reality came all to soon, without any foreboding.

"We had been sitting for some time in silence, when Ina arose and taking my hand, led me out into the garden, and as we slowly paced the graveled walks for a time, not a word was spoken, but tears were upon my poor friend's cheek, which glistened for a moment in the moonbeam's rays and then rolled slowly down to make room for others.

"I said nothing, for my heart was too full to offer consolation; but at last she spoke, and told me that which I was much surprised to hear—that her father once used to frequent such places as the one he had that night gone to, and he abused them so when he returned home, they dreaded to see him coming, though when sober he was one of the best and kindest of parents; but that was so seldom, it seemed all darkness and sorrow to them. Father, had you but heard her tell of the miseries they endured, as I did, you would not, if you had any heart left, ever have sold another drop of that which never does anything but curse its purchaser, while the curse is still deeper on those depending ones, whose duty it is for him to love and protect.

"She said, that finally, through the influence of friends, he was persuaded to come to our peaceful village, where there was then nothing to tempt him, and he had built their pretty cottage, and brought happiness to her mother and herself long before the tempter was again after him, in the person of—my father.

"When they learned that you had opened a place, where those, who like him, possessed a habit that was their master, could find free indulgence, they feared much for him; but as he seemed to shun it, and time passed and he was still the same, their faith in him was fixed; and little did they dream, their hearts were again to be wrung, their hopes blighted.

"It was very late, before Mr. Mason returned home that night, and then he had drank of the poison that sent him reeling to his bed; and that again, changed him from a man, to a demon. After that, as you know, he became one of your customers. When they had become somewhat reduced to poverty, through his liberal patronage of you, you forbade my associating with Ina, urging as an excuse, that she was rather beneath me. When I heard you say those words, there was hate enough in my heart to have crushed you where you stood, and when I left you without uttering a word, there was nothing but fear kept me from asking you, who made her so?

"You knew not that we ever met after that, but many were the stolen interviews we had, before you brought me here to the city, and placed me with those whose meanness I despise.

"You thought I left without even bidding Ina good-bye; but you were mistaken; for the morning we left, while the moon and stars were yet shining, I stole over to Mr. Mason's, and quietly opening the door entered without disturbing any one. They had forgotten their troubles for awhile, in almost deathlike slumber; but the hard stifled breathing told that the drunkard was sleeping his dull, heavy sleep; and the thought came to me, that my father was the cause of it.

"I passed on to Ina's little room, and bending over her, could see by the faint light that came in at her window, that though she slept, she looked sad and unhappy. As I kissed her, and whispered her name, she awoke, much surprised to find me there. She knew I was going to leave, and we had many things to say to each other. I tried to console her, with the thought that better days were in store for her, now that the tempter was about leaving, for I had heard you say that you had finished your business there; and it was but this afternoon I learned that your vile trade was yet carried on, not by you personally, but through your agency."

"Well May, have you finished your interesting lecture, to your father? Really, I did not know you were so eloquent.—Will you tell out of what primer you learned that pretty speech?"

"I have not quite finished," calmly replied May, "but soon will. I have seen Ina Mason—but how that happened, can be a matter of no interest to you, I suppose—and learned much that I was not prepared to hear; though it will be no news to you, that her father sleeps in a drunkard's grave, her mother died broken-hearted, you no better than robbed them of their home, and the price of it—part lies there," and she pointed to the sparkling bracelet upon the table. "Think you I will wear such a prize? No, I never will."

"May, I always have been master of my own house, and intend to be still; so you need not tell what you will, or will not do; for as long as you call this your home, you will obey my commands. I again tell you to put on that bracelet and be ready when I return. If you do not obey me, you know the result; no one lives in my house that does not own me as its master."

May stood for a moment in deep thought; and then as her mind was made up to one purpose, she hastened to execute it; and when after a few moments Mr. Vernon came back, she was not there; she had left the place called her home, and her unfeeling parent, alone with his wealth.—It was no longer home to her, and she left it without a regret, but that her father should be so blind to every thing good.

Mr. Vernon did not expect this. He supposed that of course she would yield as she always had done; but for once, he was mistaken. When he became fully convinced that she had gone, there was an unpleasant weight settled upon his spirits, that he tried in vain to drive away. He dismissed the carriage and spent the evening at home, and alone; but he was not willing to own he had done wrong. He was proud of his daughter, and justly so, but too selfish to own her as his equal, and had never treated her kindly; but his pride was such that he wished her to outdo all of her acquaintances in dress and appearance, and have all the credit fall on himself. As day after day passed by, and he heard nothing from May, he become more gloomy than ever. The bracelet which had been the cause of the separation, he had put away, out of sight; as it seemed to bring some unpleasant thoughts to his mind which were not very flattering.

It was a mystery to him, how May had happened to see Ina Mason, and become so well acquainted with his affairs; but had he taken pains to look at the pale face that followed him on his way home that afternoon, and stopped only when he entered his own beautiful dwelling, he could easily have solved the mystery. The result was, that May had a strange visitor, one that brought back the memory of many past scenes. It was no other than Ina Mason.

She came before her, a poor, heart-stricken thing; and so great had been the change since she last saw her, that she hardly knew her. There was a strange mournful light in her eyes, and her voice, though gentle as ever, was very sad; and as she told her wrongs to May, it became so low and plaintive, that it seemed only like music wrung from the last chords of a breaking heart.

From her, May learned the business of her father; and Ina, when robbed of all, sought, at the request of her mother, one who had always been a faithful friend, and who would not deny a home to an orphan, while Ina the more eagerly followed the advice, in hopes of meeting once more the friend of her early years—May Vernon.

She reached the city and found her mother's friend, though death and poverty had visited her too; but a home, such as it was, she freely gave to Ina. Since she had been there, she had tried in vain to find May, but that afternoon she had chanced to see Mr. Vernon, and followed him home, and thus her long wished desire was gratified.

That night May Vernon slept upon the hard bed of the poor but kind friend of the orphan; but her sleep was sweet, and she pressed the same pillow with Ina Mason, as she had done years before, when both knew no care. As May possessed accomplishments sufficient to procure her own support, she resolved to bring them into action for the relief of her friends, as well as for her own wants. She was an excellent musician, and to this she turned her attention, and her skill soon brought her plenty of pupils; yet no one would have thought that the gentle music teacher was the daughter of the wealthy Mr. Vernon.

For one year, May patiently pursued her labor, which was profitable as well as pleasant, and she experienced more real comfort while earning her bread with her own hands, than she ever did in the luxurious home she had left.

After many vain attempts, Mr. Vernon succeeded in finding where May was, and that she seemed to be enjoying herself, while he felt sure that he was very uncomfortable, and he could hardly tell why. He sometimes almost wished that he had yielded to her, but then that would never have done, to give up to a foolish child, such as May was. So he lived on, without sympathy or love.

At last disease held him chained, and what could he do then but think; and the more he tried to drive his thoughts away, the more they disturbed him. He found that nothing would subdue the haughty spirit like sickness; and when, after weeks of painful illness, he made a very narrow escape from death, he seemed a changed man. As soon as he was able to write, he despatched the following note to May.

"MAY—I am sick, and without any one to care for me. I have help, but no sympathy. Forgive my harshness, and come back to YOUR FATHER."

May was overjoyed at receiving the summons, but there was still another point to win. She had conquered so far, and she would conquer all, or share none of the victory. She now had a double task to perform. May was determined that if she went back to her father's house, that Ina should go with her, and that her father should treat her as his own child. It was no easy task to persuade Ina to go, even if Mr. Vernon would consent to it; for she remembered too well his chilling words to her when she begged him to spare her home.

May answered her father's letter in person, and she could hardly recognize in the pale, emaciated being before her, the once robust form of her parent; and as he folded her in his arms, she felt that a fountain of love had sprung up within his heart, which never before existed there, or if it did, was so lost among those of a stronger passion, that no one had ever discovered it. His first question was, "have you come back to stay with me?"

"I will stay with you, father, on one condition. You know that I have a friend who is every way deserving of happiness, but in place of it, has always had sorrow. I love her dearly; and as our homes are one now, they must be if I come back here to stay. You surely can do this much towards atoning for the evil you have done?"

Mr. Vernon remained silent a moment, and then said, "Bring her, May; she shall be to me as a daughter. I will do anything to ease my conscience."

May had gained her victory, and she wept tears of pleasure at the thought.—She left the room, and soon returned, leading her friend. "This, father, is my adopted sister. Be kind to her as you have been cruel." Mr. Vernon looked up and beheld the same trembling Ina that he had once driven from him with harsh words and bitter taunts. He approached, and as he took her hand, said, "I have wronged you—deeply wronged you, Ina; but I have repented of it, and will do all in my power to merit your pardon. Can you, will you forgive me?"

"I will," she replied, "as I hope to be forgiven for the dark thoughts that sometimes fill my heart."

He bowed his head over the hand he held, and when Ina withdrew it, there were tears upon it, wrung from the softened heart of the stubborn man. And so she lived with May and her father, and both tried to make her happy; but at times she was sad, for though she had forgiven she could not forget.

One evening Mr. Vernon entered the room where May and Ina were sitting, and as he had been absent several days, their welcome was more warm than ever; but as Ina reached out her hand to bid him good evening, instead of taking it as usual, he clasped the diamond bracelet about her arm, that May had once so steadily refused to accept; and as he placed it there he said, "keep it, Ina; it is rightly yours; you know its history;" and then turning to May, he added, "The buying of that was the beginning of a good thing. Since then I have given away more than I ever received from my miserable customers in money. I could not return their manhood that I robbed them of, but I have tried hard to atone for the injuries I have done; yet, had it not been for the severe lesson you gave me, I should have passed through life that guilty and unrepenting thing,—a rumseller. It is my delight now to rescue those from the same gulf where I once exerted all my powers to draw them; and with two such monitors as I have, one a silent and the other a speaking one, I shall keep in the right. Do you not think so, my daughters?" AILED.

SCIENCEVILLE, N. Y.

WELL DONE, GIRL.

One Sunday evening, not many nights ago, the Rev. Mr. Thompson, performed a marriage ceremony at the Tabernacle—both parties said yes at the proper time, and the reverend gentleman said Amen.

'I want you to perform the same thing for me,' said a well dressed, youngish man to Mr. Thompson.

'When?"

'Now—right off to night."

'Can't you put it off a little? It will make it rather late."

'No—the lady says now or never, and I am very anxious. Will you go?"

'Yes; where is it?"

Close by—only a few steps west of the Park. We are all ready, and will only detain you a few minutes on your way home."

Mr. T. went to the place, which was a respectable boarding house, and everything evinced decorum. The lady, young and pretty, neatly dressed, and altogether a desirable partner for a gentleman—was presented, and a short prayer, as usual upon such occasions, offered, then hands joined.

'You, with a full sense of the obligations you asume, do promise, here in the presence of God and these witnesses, that you will take this woman whose right hand you clasp in yours, to be your lawful, wedded wife, and as such you will love and cherish her forever."

'I do."

'And you, Miss, on your part, will you take this man to be your lawful, wedded husband?"

'NO!"

We have heard in times past, when showers were fashionable, some pretty heavy clap of thunder, but none that ever rattled about the tympanum of the bridegroom was quite so loud as that stunning monosyllable.

'No, I never will!" said she most emphatically, and walked away to her seat, leaving her almost husband looking and probably feeling just the least trifle in the world foolish.

Mr. Thompson remonstrated—not to induce her to change that 'No" for 'Yes." but for trifling with him in the solemn duty of his calling, and asked for an explanation.

'I meant no disrespect to you, sir or to trifle with your duty, or the ceremony you were called upon to perform; but I had no other way to vindicate my character. I came to the city a poor sewing girl. I worked for this man. He made proposals of marriage to me, but from other circumstances I doubted his sincerity, and left his employment and went back to the country for a while. When I returned I found the door of my former boarding house closed against me, and this lady, whom I had esteemed as a kind friend, cold, and quite indisposed to renew my acquaintance, and I insisted upon knowing the reason. I learned that this man had blackened my character, denied his proposals of marriage, and said I was, no matter what. I said to the lady, "Let me come back, and I will prove my innocence. Will you believe what I say if he will marry me?'

'Yes; I will, and so will all who know you.'

'I renewed the acquaintance, he renewed his proposals—I accepted, and said, 'Yes, the minister at once.' He slandered me—I deceived him. I proved my words true, and his false. It was the only way a poor, helpless girl had to avenge herself upon a man who had proved himself unworthy to be her husband. It was only, at the right time, to say one word—one little word. I have said it. I hope it will be a lesson to men, an example to other girls and that in many other and different circumstances they will learn to say 'No."

'If I was angry, for a single moment,' said Mr. Thompson, "I carried none of it over the threshold. It was a severe lesson, but well applied.—I went home pondering on the value of the word—No."—*N. Y. Trib.*

CO-OPERATION OF THE WIFE.—No man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labors with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandize or his farm, fly over lands, sail upon seas meet difficulty and encounter danger, if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets at home! Solicitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life, and he is but half provided for this voyage who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared.

☞The "Spiritualists" held a mass meeting at the Tabernacle, New York, on Friday evening, at which an immense crowd assembled, of whom one-third were women. After singing a chant (somewhat interrupted by a fight in the gallery) a Universalist clergyman delivered a prayer, and Recorder Talmadge delivered an address, during the progress of which he read communications professing to come from the Apostle John, the spirit of John Howard, and a patriotic poem, entitled "Our National Ensign," communicated through a young lady fourteen years old. Rev. T. L. Harris then made an address, and was followed by Judge Edmonds.

Yumorous.

AN IMPADIENT DARKEY.

Some fifteen years ago, a gentleman of color resided in Stonington, Connecticut, called in familiar phrase, Old Cuffy Longhead. He was a noted preacher in his day, and could pound the extempore pulpit mightily. Cuff had been in a state of widowhood two or three years, when he became acquainted with a buxom and spicy damsel, who was a domestic in one of the first families in the town. A match was soon bargained for by the worthy couple, and Dr. P., in whose house the damsel was employed, proposed to make a grand party, invite a house full of company, and "put the wedding through" in good style. The Rev. Mr. Longhead and his intended were of course pleased with the arrangement, which was to give so much eclat to their nuptials. Esquire Trumbull, Justice of the Peace, was invited to tie the knot, and as he had a piece of waggery in his composition, he determined to make the ceremony as imposing as possible.

The company consisted of all the friends and relations of the borough, and when the couple stood up to receive their sentence, Mr. T., who was gifted with an unusual command of language, commenced a long harangue to the parties, upon the nature of the contract upon which they were about to enter. The company preserved their gravity indifferently well for about half an hour, but the dusky couple began to wax restive. They were dressed up within an inch of their lives, and the sweat poured from their faces in torrents during the unusual and lengthy exordium.

At length Cuff's impatience burst forth and overwhelmed the gravity of the Justice and audience, as he roared out, "Massa Trumbull, it 'pears to me you have mose too much preangulation! De company can't wait all night for de good things—I neider!"

The ceremony was quickly finished after the outburst, and tradition saith that more champagne was uncorked on that occasion than at any wedding in the town before or since.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a spirited war horse, when he hears the signal for battle, like a father refusing his boy's request to stay at home from school? He answers with a Nay (neigh.)

Why is it impossible that there should be one best horse in the world? Because at every race course you'll find a better.

Why is a vulture superior to the man who shoots him? Because the vulture is a foul creature, but the man who shoots him is a fouler (fowler.)

Why is a man who marries twice like the captain of a ship? Because he has a second mate.

Why is an empty discourse like a solid one? Because it is all sound.

Why are the cook's tongs in a ship like great musketoes? Because they are galley nippers.

Why are the meadows in spring like an American Revolutionary hero? Because they are one *general green*.

Why are some of the boats in the New Bedford harbor probably like the head of Victoria's eldest son? Because they contain the prints of whales' teeth (the Prince of Wales' teeth

When Shakspeare's mother wished him to confess a theft, what distinguished character did she hold up before him?—William Tell.

GIVING THE BAG.—This is well known to be a cant phrase among the girls, equivalent to discarding a beau. A young gentleman went to make an evening visit to a young lady, and upon entering the room found her laughing at something right merrily—of course he enquired the cause—she told him her mother had just been making a pillow case, and had sewed up both ends! Well, said the gentleman, it is a pity she hadn't sewed you up in it—yes, pertly answered Miss, and then I suppose you would have wanted her to "give you the bag."